
Subject: Re: Winds of Change
Posted by [Tikatu](#) on Fri, 27 Jul 2012 19:46:36 GMT
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From: ArtisticRainey Sent: 5/2/2007 3:59 AM

Friday, August 26th. 10.30pm, Australia (12.30am Tracy Island).

"Holy smoke..."

Scott sighed at the relevance of his words. The fire had been visible almost since he hit land, but now that he was at the danger zone, he was struck by its awesome size in full. This won't be easy. Elise let out a low whistle that told him she felt the same way.

"Thunderbird Five and Base from Thunderbird One."

"Thunderbird Five here, receiving you strength five."

"Base here, go ahead Maverick."

"We've arrived at Danger Zone. I'm going to strafe over the downed chopper and use the dicetyline missiles to put out the periphery of the fire and make things easier for Thunderbird Two, and then return to set up Mobile Control."

"FAB, I'll relay the info to Van Gogh. Thunderbird Five out."

"FAB, Maverick. Keep us posted."

Thunderbird One shot through the air towards the chopper, slicing through the thick smoke. Elise's mouth was set in a straight line. We have to get them out, and fast.

Scott used the sensors to guide them through the blackness. He didn't reduce speed, and his hands flew over the missile guidance controls.

"Target one locked, fire!"

The sleek dicetyline missile struck the fire at the edge of the chopper, and with a mighty roar and an explosion of silver, a charred dent had been made, pushing the fire back from the victims. He repeated this several times until a decent area had been cleared around the chopper.

"Nice work, Maverick."

"Thanks, Frankie."

Thunderbird One swept around in a wide arc, and then flew in high above the flames in search of the fire crew's base. Scott landed the great craft at a safe distance. He thought briefly about security, and glanced at the automatic camera detector. I need someone to guard TB1 as well as having us at Mobile Control...

As his boot hit the ground, one of the firemen came running towards him. The man reached them as Elise hopped down beside Scott.

"International Rescue, we're more than glad to see you." The fireman held out one gloved hand. "Captain Alex Paora, Bundaberg Ladder Seven."

Scott shook the man's hand strongly and briefly, and Elise did the same.

"Glad we can help," he said. "If you'll help me with my equipment and fill us in on the most recent details, we can get started..."

Once mobile control had been set up and Captain Paora had provided a run-down on the situation, Scott opened communications with Thunderbird Two.

"What's your ETA, Van Gogh?"

"Nineteen and one half minutes, Maverick."

"Okay. Once you get here, get straight out to that chopper. I've used the dicetyline to clear a periphery for you guys, but those flames are still going strong. The heat for those guys must be incredible."

"FAB. Will keep you informed. Thunderbird Two out."

Scott caught Elise's eye, and the two shared a confident look. Soon the rest of the crew would arrive, and the rescue could get into full swing.
